

They still preserv'd,—like Aaron's mystic rod,  
 Shall as blest incense in memorial fair  
 Ascend, in holy, grateful flame to God :  
 Remembrance dwelling sweet on every path you've trod.

6.

Since history's pencil on the stream of time  
 Began Canadian annals to pourtray,  
 No sword,\* as now, so terribly sublime,  
 Stretch'd o'er our wasted cities flashed dismay !  
 No Oman's floor to stop the angel's sway.  
 Destruction yet may rage our graves to fill.  
 Then bend in prayer, give charity her sway,  
 Offer the wheat and quick the oxen kill,  
 That God may say—"enough, stay now thine hand," be still.

7.

O gentle charity ! seraphic maid !  
 Thy chief delight is living balm to shed  
 O'er wounded hearts ; in pity's steps afraid  
 To meet applause, I hear thy midnight tread,  
 Gliding where groans the sick, where o'er the dead  
 The widow shrieks, and frighted orphans mourn.  
 I see thy vestal smile a halo spread  
 Around thy path, lighting the slow return  
 Of health and peace, now verging to life's dreary bourn.

8.

Ah me ! how many orphans are abroad,  
 And weeping widows bend o'er new made graves !  
 How many sires deplore their hopes destroy'd,  
 And matron cheeks a scalding torrent laves !  
 How many a maiden breast with wailing heaves,  
 For youth laid low ! The mighty eastern scourge,  
 Our fair, our strong, our rich, our learned braves :  
 Flapping with Vampyre wing, th'atlantic surge,  
 To ring o'er all our plains a loud heart rending dirge.

9.

To venture thro' life's wave without the star  
 Of undelusive light to guide our bark ;  
 On shoals and shelves our brittle boat will jar,  
 Or wreck in Scylla, or Charybdis dark.  
 That bright † and morning star, which lured the ark  
 On rocky Arrarat, to haven high  
 Above the waves ; then bent sublime the mark  
 Of future hope across the doubtful sky,  
 To cheer a trembling world, and shew that God is nigh.

10.

Faith waits upon him,—she shall still exist  
 'Till the destroying sword shall flame no more :  
 And lead to hope his votary as she list,  
 Curing each tempting fruit of pois'nous core.  
 The box which all the ruthless passions bore  
 Still cradles hope ;—then, let us not divest  
 Our spirits of her balm. What if our store  
 Of fond delights have ceased to deck the breast ?  
 Full soon we'll end life's dance to lie with them—at rest,

\* 1st Chron. chap. 21st.; 2d Sam. 24th chap. † Rev. 22 chap. 16 verse.